

THE
S Y R E N S,
A
M A S Q U E,
IN TWO ACTS,

As performed at the
THEATRE ROYAL,
COVENT-GARDEN.

Written by Captain THOMPSON.

The Music compos'd by Mr. FISHER.

—Sirenes—*quæ voce canora*
Quaslibet admissas detinuere rates.

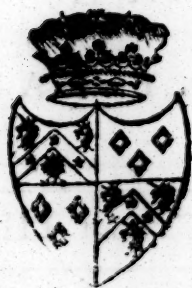
OVID.

L O N D O N :

Printed for G. KEARSLEY, in FLEET STREET.

MDCCLXXVI.

[Price One Shilling.]



T O

M^{RS.} V A U G H A N.

MADAM,

I Always wished to present this little Literary Offering to the fair hands of Truth, Good-nature, and Good Sense: and, though Fiction is the essential soul of Poesy, yet at this moment it has lost its use and power; for flattering Panegyric would ill become me to bestow, and your superior Virtue to receive. When I looked around for one possessed of every elegant and domestic quality, I was not a moment in doubt where I should determine: the Muses pointed

DEDICATION.

pointed to Mrs. VAUGHAN, and
the Graces confirmed the choice.
Do me, therefore, the favour to ac-
cept this proof of the very great re-
gard and esteem, with which I am,

MADAM,

Your obliged,

Devoted, and obedient

Humble Servant,

*Kew, April 28,
1776*

E. THOMPSON.



P R E F A C E.

WHEN I engaged in this task, I was sensible of the difficulty of the performance. I did not feel it presumption; nor did I mean to rival the smallest of Apollo's Sons, much less the fame of our greatest Masters: and yet the Critics have ungenerously brought this accusation (printed) against me. Some have said, Virgil, Milton, and Johnson, are the only men who have dared to take such a flight. It was not daring in them; the flight was within the easy compass of their wings: it was a branch of the Laurel of Pindus they were used to soar to; and they perched thereon with ease and dignity. Had I presumed to set my weary and uncertain foot on such a bough, I had merited an Icarian fall.

I boast not of Classic Lore; nor am I vain of a spark of Genius lit at the fire of some greater Bard: but surely I have a title to candour;

P R E F A C E.

dour; a right to some indulgence, as having studied at Sea, and taken my degrees at the Admiralty, and not at the College of the Muses.—It did not become the Giant Wits of this refined period to attack a Nautic Bard, whose dank Sea-weed could not abate the lustre of their classic and more verdant Bays.—The subject was old, it was marine, and of such a nature as could alone admit of a set of Sea Characters; which, if every other merit be wanting, will yet be allowed to be original.

Some Critics may with propriety censure this Piece for the want of Dramatic Unity; yet, if they allow me those liberties which other Authors have taken, I shall not appear quite so culpable in their peering and discerning eyes; especially, when *Johnson*, in his copious and explanatory Dictionary, gives us this definition of a masque. “*Mask*, a dramatic performance, written in a Tragic style, without attention to rules, or probability.”

It is difficult for the Public to judge of the merits or demerits of the SYRENS by the various critical opinions given in its favour and dispraise: I therefore beg leave to refer them from these vague *criteria*, to the Representation of
of

P R E F A C E.

of the Piece itself, where their own unbiassed judgment, their own honest feelings, will enable them more infallibly to decide.

I am under many obligations to Mr. Harris for his attention to this little Piece, as well as to the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Theatre, whose great abilities have so much conduced to establish its success: and since its Voyage is begun, the Dramatic Cock-boat must take its chance on the Critic Sea !

Va, mon Batteau, prend ta Fortune !

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

M E N.

GRENADE, a Captain of the Navy,
 PHIL PENDANT, his Lieutenant,
 CARLOS, a Marine Officer,
 GEORGE GALE,
 TOM TRAVERSE,
 FRANK FORECASTLE,
 SAM SNIVEL,
 ZEPHYR,
 LIES,
 BOREAS,
 SPIRIT of a DRUID,

} Sailors,

Mr. Mattocks.
Mr. Lee Lewes,
Mr. Du Bellamy,
Mr. Quick.
Mr. Mahon.
Mr. Willson.
Mr. Wewitzer.
Mr. Harrison.
Mr. Baker.
Mr. Reinhold.
Mr. L'Estrange.

W O M E N.

PARTHENOPE, an Enchantress,
 CORNELIA, Wife to Grenade,
 DORIS, a wanton Nymph,
 MARGERY, Servant to Cornelia,
 FLOS, a Fairy,
 TADPOLE, a Witch,

Mrs. Mattocks.
Mrs. Dayes.
Miss Barsanti,
Mrs. Pitt.
Miss Francis.
Mr. Baker.

SCENE on the Syren Islands, by the Promontory Pe-
 lories of Sicily.

N. B. Those lines, distinguished by inverted commas (""), are omit-
 ted in the representation.



THE
S Y R E N S.



A C T I.

S C E N E, *a Grove.*

PARTHENOPE *seated under a Tree, with attendant Nymphs.*

CHORUS OF NYMPHS.

ZEPHYR, *Zephyr, hither bring,*
On thy gay, fantastic wing,
All the garish bloom of spring. }

" Breathe thy sweets throughout this clime,

" Wreathe the brow of wrinkled Time ;

" Deck the Graces, deck the Hours,

" With thy sweetest, fairest flow'rs."

Zephyr, Zephyr, hither bring

All the garish bloom of spring.

B

Welcome,

THE SYRENS;

Enter ZEPHYRUS.

PARTHENOPE.

Welcome, sweet Youth ! whose ready offices
 The Syren Sisters of these flow'ry shores
 Have ever prov'd, when e'er our voices fail'd.
 Know, from the sea-girt isle of England's Prince,
 I have such tidings apt, minute, receiv'd
 Of a fair vessel, freighted to these seas;
 The gaudiest of the isle ; with tackle trim,
 And ensigns of such gay and filken sort,
 That all the Breezes of the pressing air
 Contend to court, and wave her streamers wide.
 Within this bark a Youth of noble kind,
 Gallant, and gay, of gentle nature too,
 Tends on the smiles of a most beauteous Dame,
 At whose angelic birth the Graces strove
 To blend the lily with the blushing rose ;
 And did endow with qualities so rare,
 That Nature bless'd her for her favorite child.
 This peerless Pair now voyage to our shore,
 Whom I would willingly with us detain ;
 And shou'd our voices but allure their ears,
 Wilt thou, kind Zephyr, fan them to this strand,
 That dulcet melody may not be vain ?

ZEPHYR.

Sweet, gentle, favorite, fair Parthenope,
 Thy ever ready, faithful servant, I.

Airs

A M A S Q U E.

A I R. ZEPHYR.

*Airs most sweet, which rob the grove,
To compose your balmy spoils;
And with breaths as soft as love,
Whisper all your sylvan toils.
Jessamine and roses sweet,
All their senses gayly greet.*

*Gentle Breezes, fan the sails,
With each silken, scented wing,
That the Tars may praise the gales,
Which such fragrant odours bring.
Minionet, and vi'let blue,
Chear the senses of the crew.*

PARTHENOPE.

Now to your station in the airy void,
And let your ready actions prove your zeal.

[Exit Zephyr.]

PARTHENOPE.

Their fate is seal'd; nor the dank God of sea
Shall save their fall, with all his boasted powers.
But for such guests, 'tis meet we should prepare
Retreat, refreshment, and each sylvan food:
Flora's white fingers shall entwine their bower,
And choicest garlands weave to press their brows.

Enter ZEPHYRUS.

The ship, Parthenope, is now in view,
And proudly skims adown the glassy tide:
Her gallant rigging courts the panting gale,
Which often fails her bleached, flapping sails;

Her

THE SYRENS,

Her colours careless hang upon their staff,
 And twist and curl, as amorous of their state :
 " The tawny failors loll upon the yards,
 " And eat with greedy eyes the pendent fruits
 " That tempting hang, fair tempters of their touch."
 Hence, now upon the promontory's brink,
 From whose stupendous, beetling, dizzy top,
 In sweetest melody to human ear,
 Warble your fascinating tunes so strong,
 That sphere-form'd Spirits from their sailing clouds
 May stoop—and own the harmony divine.

PARTHENOPE.

Light Zephyr, move upon thy gauzy wings,
 Nor finest butterflies more trim and gay ;
 And to the jasper rock I'll bend my steps,
 And tune my dulcet ditty to thy gale. [Exit Zephyr.

A I R. PARTHENOPE.

*Fair-fashion'd Flora, Nature's damask'd queen,
 Gay guardian of the pied, smooth-daisied green,
 Thy choicest, gayest, bow'r prepare ;
 O let the Hours trip round on lightest feet,
 Strew the flat earth with flow'rets fresh and sweet,
 In honour of so pure a pair.*

[Exit Parthenope.

SCENE, a Plain with one Oak-tree.

Enter the Spirit of a Druid—mantled in the Habit.

Close to the borders of the milky way
 My crystal temple's rais'd ; whence I espied,
 At very distant ken, a stately ship,
 Luckless becalm'd upon this Syren shore—

But

But I, the watchful friend of England's weal,
 (Whilom a Druid of the British race)
 Tend on the heroes of that glorious isle.
 But when Mischance, with subtle, hood-wink'd art,
 O'ertakes the steps of Innocence and Love,
 Swift as the meteors of the vaulted sky
 I dart, and gleam from Heav'n to be their guide.
 But, hark ! I hear the dashing of the surge
 Upon the stony beach portending storm, [*a noise of the sea*
 Prepar'd by this fell Sorcerers for their fall.
 Now, list ! the Syrens tune their fatal concert !

[*Sound of the Organ at a distance, with this Chorus.*]

Stay, gentle Voyagers, where ever bound,
 Or to the heathen, or the holy ground

Druid.

Hark to the silver tongue of Chantress sweet,
 If in one ear all Nature's sense compris'd,
 Such melody would speak her full attention !
 I must be here unseen—for known—a guest unwelcome.
 [*Exit.*]

S C E N E *discovers a Promontory hanging over a Flood ;
 a Ship gently sailing near the Land. The three Sirens—one
 with a Lyre, the other with a Flute, accompanying PARTHE-
 NOPE—The Vessel approaching as she sings.*

A I R. PARTHENOPE.

Stay, gentle Voyagers, where ever bound,
 Or to the heathen, or the holy ground !
 Here let Pleasure's voice prevail,
 Slack awhile the anxious sail ;
 Joys and raptures the most pure,
 Fill the circle of each hour ;

Ex-

THE SYRENS,

*Incantation's magic wand,
Wreathes in smiles the flow'ry land.*

CHORUS, joined by many Female Voices—as surrounding
the Shores.

*Women, Music, Wit, and Wine,
Weo ye to their festive shrine!*

The Syrens advance with the Gods of the Winds.

PARTHENOPE.

What is this virtue, that I plead in vain?
But such contempt shall meet with bitter meed.
Now, blustering Gods, untie the Libyan winds,
And scatter havock on the flinty shore;
Spare not a plank of the proud, freighted bark,
Nor hurt one hair of her fair Passengers.

A I R. BOREAS:

*Arise, ye stormy gusts, and squalls prevail,
Now patter* rain, and patter hail;
Make spired steeples totter, tear up trees,
And curl the billows of the briny seas.
Ye forked, pointed lightnings, dart and flash;
Ye spitting waves, the welkin wash;*

Ye

* The Critics have been very witty upon the pattering of this storm-tune. THOMPSON says in his Seasons,

“ The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard.

“ By such as wander through the forest walks.

SHENSTONE says, Virgil's line of—*Tityre tu patula*—always reminds him of the pattering of a shower.

DRYDEN adds,

“ Pattering hail comes pouring on the main,

“ When Jupiter descends in harden'd rain.”

A M A S Q U E

7

*Ye mutt'ring hollow thunders, burst and growl ;
Ye sweeping tempests, big with thunder, howl ;
Arise, arise, nor ought your force controul.*

}

CHORUS.

PARTHENOPE, ZEPHYR, LIBS and BOREAS.

*Billows with contorted heads,
Leave your murkey salt sea beds :
Dash along the rocky shore, [Thunder, lightning,
Thunders, mutter—furies, roar. and rain]
[Exeunt.*

SCENE, a Shipwreck after a Storm.

Enter TOM TRAVERSE, GEORGE GALE, FRANK FORECASTLE, and other Mariners, whimsically habited in some of the Officers Clothes.

Tom. I say, Shipmates, this has been but a very scurvy touch of ours: the gale was up before we could belay a rope; and the masts were by the board before we could cry *peccavi*.

Geo. Since I could crack a biscuit, the wind never piped such a reel to my understanding.

Frank. It is shaking a leg to a rum tune. There she is, smack-smooth; and the good folks of this shore—who I suppose are all Smugglers—may pick her up in hand-baskets. I wonder what I put on the Captain's apparel for.

Tom. To get respect, to be sure—and to be the first taken up; for the people on shore strive hard to save a Gold Coat—when a poor Blue Jacket may sink and be lost.

Geo. Right, boy Tom; by that stroke I was taken up when the Prince George was burnt:—for when the Admiral threw off his wardrobe, I put on his rigging—and the fine golden

golden figure I made in the water, struck their eyes—and they whip'd me into the boat before I could say Jack Robinson. Dam'me—they will save an Admiral, and let a whole ship's crew duck for it—Sailors and common Jacks are but Men—but your Admirals are a sort of stuff quite out of the way—ay, boy, rigging is a fine thing—what, have no more hands paddled to shore but us?

Frank. No—many a fine fellow took in a full allowance of salt water. If crying became my eye scuppers, I should be apt to shed two tears for the loss of our noble Commander, but 'tis a womanish action—so I'll swab it up.

Geo. Aye, Boys—there was a Man of Men—he was the poor Sailor's friend:—he chear'd the brave and sick, and laid the Cat on the right back.

Tom. I saw him sink, struggling to save his pretty, pretty Wife:—she was the daintiest thing that ever eat white biscuit:—her miseries might have charm'd a shark to have given her a tow to shore; but drowning, boys, is common to all. If there is no help for such heavenly workmanship—what chance hath poor merry fat Meg, my Lady's slipper—and yet, methinks, Meg would tilt light as an empty gin-cagg.

Geo. No, no, she would leak fore and aft: Meg was scuttled, and not made for deep water; she will make a fine dish for a Dolphin.

Tom. Special water *fouche* for a shark: well, make her merry; fighting is but windy diet, and we have lately had enough of that.

Frank. Shipmates, I am all aback about this same land that we are cast on. Had I not seen Gib and Apes Hill,* I had sworn by the shaking of the Country, that we had fetch'd the old Romanados at Lisbon.

Tom. Frank, boy, prove thy words; for a little *vino blanco* now, and a salt Sardinia, would righteously close the

* Gibraltar, and a mountain on the Barbary coast.

the hatchway of my stomach. By my troth, I believe we are in for *Silly* and *Ribdy*: some knave of a Roman saint owed little England a grudge—and therefore moor'd us in misfortune for ever.

Frank. Had I this laced jacket at Gosport, I would dissolve it all into gin and bitters.

Geo. Zounds! who wants Bitters? we have had a full allowance of them: the Sweets of the Voyage are in my chest—a roll of tobacco, and two silver watches of Levi the red Jew. This sea hath a deep stomach, it gives nothing back.

Frank. Nothing! do you call this nothing, when Mrs. Megg hath no farther occasion for fins? Here she comes, dripping like a Mermaid.

Enter MARGERY.

Megg. O that I had never seen the day when my sweet young mistress ventur'd on this voy'ge!—What do I see? Sailors of our ship? Is it a dream, or do I rave? Tom, George, Frank—O, what a change!—where are we? what outlandish people have we got amongst? for I am puzzled to tell whether they are fish or flesh: they have faces like Women, and tails like Whales. My Lord Botany, with whom I lived a year, had not such a creature in his whole collection.

Geo. She has not yet got rid of the salt water she shipp'd: poor lady, she raves—she wants the Society to recover her by gentle rubbings. Mellifluous Margery, thou art as stark mad, as a lovesick lady in Bedlam. Women with fishes tails!—ha, ha, ha—[*laughs.*]

Megg. O Frank, if I could once more hook my racks in the range of a good Gentleman's kitchen, you should never more make me, like roast meat, the turn-about sport of the

Jack Fortune. O the luxury of an English kitchen ! Servants don't know the blessings of a plentiful House ; if they did, they would never risk the variety of a good larder, for the empty chance of seeing foreign parts—Ah, my poor Mistress ! she was fair as the breast of a chicken ; and my Master, the Captain, was as gentle as a Turkey-pout.

Frank. Yes, and I suppose the Canibals of this Country have picked their bones.

Megg. The good Gods forbid !

Geo. But see—a ghost—a ghost—a ghost—here is Snivel the Jack of the bread-room—who used to act as clerk, and stave it through his nose to the congregation. His prayers have sav'd him to be hang'd.

Enter SAM SNIVEL.

Tom. Snivel, my walking Psalm-book !—I am not sorry to shake thee by the daddle—but could we have had the contents of the Steward room, we would have dispens'd with thy drowning : a hard biscuit, and two ounces of Cheshire cheese—had been a better thing than a Methodist hymn.

Snivel. O ye profane bibbers ! will ye never think of saving your poor souls ?

Geo. Ay, Boy—but our bodies first. I am in no hurry for the long voyage—it is going beyond Cape Hope—and I and Margery mean to double Cape Horn first.

Snivel. What is the body, but trash ?

Tom. Trash ! I think it is a pretty piece of summer fruit—fit to divert the bright black eye of a fair merry maiden—Snivel, how did'st thou save thy self, Boy ?

Snivel. By good works.

Geo. But sawest thou this collection of rarities—that this Lady dreams about ?

Snivel.

Snivel. Yea and verily—strange creatures—made up of fish and man.

Geo. Why, Boys, we have made a fine voyage of this at last—this country beats all the round-about trips to Outahitee. This island will make our fortunes—we shall bring home monsters enough to puzzle all the Butterfly Gentlemen of the kingdom.

Tom. This is a fine time of Exploration—I sailed to the north pole—and saw the sun figure away all night—without putting on his cap—but it was a cold voyage.

Frank. And you writ as cold an account of it, Tom, when you came home.

Tom. But our journal shall be kept by Snivel—and he will lard it with good doctrines—and leave out your tawdry tales which have made all the grey-beards of the town—plan expeditions to the Indian *Areoy*.

Snivel. Purity is my path, and a ready pen is my pride.

Frank. Let him be our secretary, and mark our log.

Geo. I am much out in my reckoning, if he will not be a log of a secretary.

Tom. That is mutiny against the King's sovereignty—and Frank Forecastle our Captain.

Frank. I command peace, distinction, and respect; and now I declare myself lord and captain of this monstrous island: and since Meg is the only thing of her sex, I'll take her as my mistress: for all great men keep mistresses—

Margery. Why, Gentlemen, this is an absolute force upon Virtue and Conscience—and against all English law—no, no, Margery Mayflower will never submit to be a prostitute—though you would make her an Empress:—no, I'll be won fairly and honourably—or not at all.

Snivel. Pious creature—virtuous distress!

Frank. Then, let this be a further consideration: so, my Queen, my Oberea, that is to be—let us hence in search of

THE SYRENS,

adventures, and pick up monsters, leaves, shells, and feathers
to plume all the Ladies, and wing all the fine Gentlemen.

A I R. FORECASTLE.

*Though shipwreck'd on a coast unknown,
From Sweet-heart far, and Wife;
Is there a Sailor that will own
He cares a fig for life?
For let the world wag as it will,
Our courage never fails us still.*

Fal, la, la, la.

TRAVERSE.

*Let plodding Landmen now repine,
And brood o'er ill-got wealth;
We chearful cross each distant line,
Nor value ought but health:
Riches we never keep in view,
Our purse is—India and Peru.*

Fal, la, &c.

GALE.

*Let Lubbers snivel, grieve and pine,
No cares belong the Tar;
His fortune never can decline,
While there's or trade, or war;
He shakes his Trowsers in the wind;
He tacks, and leaves his cares behind.*

Fal, la, &c.

MARGERY.

*Once more my beating heart's at ease,
And thank the steady plank,
Which bore me o'er the roaring seas,
To thee, my faithful Frank.
More true the needle shall not prove,
Than I unto my Sailor's love.*

Fal, la, &c.

FORE-

FORECASTLE.

*Inconstancy is all we fear,
 In women, and in wind;
 But give us gales that do not veer,
 And Lasses fair and kind;
 Then who can match the gallant Tar,
 Whose Glory's women, wine and war!* [Exeunt.

S C E N E a Grove.

Enter Captain GRENADE.

“ The strange adventures of my ship-wreck'd fortunes
 “ Puzzle my senses, and confound my mind.
 “ I've heard of Witches riddles, old Dames tales,
 “ Hags prophecies, and the dreams of Nurses;
 “ But what this motley voyage hath produc'd,
 “ Out-strips the stories of the Fairy Land,
 “ Beggars romance—and windmill Chivalry.
 “ O Fortune! cruel, hoodwink'd and unkind,
 “ That finds the vicious, and o'erlooks the good,
 “ Why am I made the chequer'd bounding Ball
 “ Of thy false Tennis Court, where thou do'st play
 “ With iron hands, and mak'st Misfortune jest?
 “ O must I ever feel thy adverse stroke,
 “ And by severest blows rebound to Fame!”
 Alas, Cornelia, thine's a cruel lot!
 Where hovers, peerless Saint, thy heavenly form?
 Such matchless modesty—surpassing worth,
 Might have lull'd storms, and smooth'd the lashing surge:
 “ A voice so tuneful might a Dolphin win
 “ To lift thy ditty, and approve thy plaint;
 “ For sure a breath so dulcet in its song
 “ Might plane the surface of the salt-sea rude,
 “ And

“ And charm some finny Pilot of the main,
 “ To steer thy dripping feet to some kind shore.”
 Shall I, a Wretch, escape the gulphing flood,
 Nor the meek eye of Charity look down,
 To save a sifter angel, good as fair?

A I R. GRENADE.

*O, let it be my wretched lot,
 To wander to that fatal spot,
 Ye all-obdurate powers,
 Where pale Cornelia now is laid,
 Where my big sorrows may be paid,
 And deck her corse with flow'rs.*

A I R.

By PARTHENOPE in the Grove.

*What hapless mortal now complains,
 In such melodious, plaintive strains,
 Of Beauty, Love and Life?
 Who immortality would gain,
 And fix with Goddesses his reign,
 Must yield the mortal Wife.*

CAPTAIN.

Never, O never, from my grief-struck mind,
 Shall her dear Image be eras'd and torn:
 Never, O never, on my ear and sense
 Shall her persuasive melody decline.

Enter PARTHENOPE.

PARTHENOPE.

Fond mortal, cease thy exclamations vain.
 Can'st thou, with all thy soothing blandishments,
 Call back the Tenant Soul that's flitted from its house?
 Then cease, and by attention know and learn,

That

That I, the Goddess of this festive shore,
 Command the scissars and the vital thread ;
 The Earth, the Skies, the garish Sun and Moon ;
 Love, hope, health, life and immortality.

CAPTAIN.

Then thou must love what's likest to thy self.—
 She was so truly pure, that unsunn'd snow,
 New winnow'd by the drifting morning gale,
 Was not more spotless than her chastity.
 She was a paragon of peerless snow,
 The brightest mirror of the angel mind.
 Say, doth Cornelia live ?

PARTHENOPE.

She doth, the tender tenant of my care.

CAPTAIN.

Blest Providence—if thou art she——
 Ye golden groves of this Hesperian isle,
 Be vocal with the joy—and Nature gladden—

PARTHENOPE.

Be not too credulous !
 The greatest, wisest, bravest, goodliest men
 Have been deceiv'd, neglected, and forgotten ;
 “ The frame, the texture of the female mind,
 “ Takes, like the heated wax, each new impression,
 “ And where, too oft, the fool imprints his seal.—
 “ Variety is women's tawdry God.
 “ To him they kneel, they dress, and make devotion :
 “ And such the appetite of such variety,
 “ That women, shap'd like cherubs of the sky,
 “ Have turn'd, disgusted with a feast of sense,

“ And

" And gorg'd their eagre lusts upon a fool.
 " Fools are their favorites ; their windy, empty
 " Natures, suit best with female frippery."
 But be thou firm of mind, nobly prepar'd
 To stand the bursting of a storm more fell
 Than all the wrecks of merchandize and wealth.
 Can'st thou, thrice luckless mortal ! bear to see
 This pictur'd piece of fragile fantasy,
 Whereon the rankest fop may daub his likeness—
 Canst thou !

CAPTAIN.

By heaven I can !

PARTHENOPE.

Then follow me, and thou shalt ken, what words
 Will not describe. But be thou firm of soul,
 When thou shalt see this velvet wanton
 Hang on the neck of one, thy meanest scorn ;
 And feeding on the nonsense of his tongue,
 As if her appetite increas'd by hearing.

CAPTAIN.

Yes—tho' my very veins shall curdle too,
 And this warm mass congeal to endless ice.

PARTHENOPE.

Well, thou rememb'rest, Youth—the time's not long—
 The pert, trim Stripling, whom thy bounty rear'd :
 Thou his first friend, and he thy fellest foe.
 " But mark, through sublunary life, thou'lt find
 " The specious friend, the Cuckoo of the nest
 " Which sucks the princely eggs, and drops his own
 " For other birds to hatch, to rear, and wing.

CAPTAIN.

CAPTAIN.

“ Blaft him, ye Gods! and in one livid flafh
 “ Of your fuperior ire—blight Infidelity.”

PARTHENOPE.

“ This very unfubftantial Lath of Manhood,
 “ To thee inferior as the ftrippling Weed,
 “ Which the Briarean branches of the Oak
 “ Protect and fave from Winter’s ruffian blafh,
 “ Hath play’d the truant with thy virtuous Wife.

CAPTAIN.

Know then, that Virtue, when ethereal pure,
 Gathers new ftrength and luftre from affaults.
 She needs no fhield; Angels her livery wear,
 And bend obedient to her courteous fmile.

PARTHENOPE.

Time will evince——
 Now, honour’d Stranger, fhalt thou fee my power,
 And ere I lead thee to the blighted bud,
 Where the fell canker-worm hath made his feaft,
 The various fantaſies our Iſland breeds
 Shall maze in mimic meafure for thy ſport.

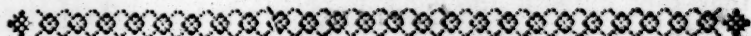
AIR. PARTHENOPE.

*Fairies of the vales and mounts,
 Nymphs of Ocean, rivers, founts;
 Creatures of the air and plain,
 Monsters of the teeming main;
 Here refort, and gaily ſhow
 Nimbleſt feats on lighteſt toe.*

[Various grotesque Figures appear and dance; then retire.]

END OF ACT I.

D



A C T II.

S C E N E *a Pavilion.**Enter PHIL PENDANT.*

PHIL.

THIS is the spot of Comfits and Courtessans, tipsy dance and jollity. May these delicate, fashionable bones of mine be pick'd by Canibals, if ever I wish to risk a tooth more against the flint of a hard biscuit! This is the Elysium of the old Dons of yore; spring without end, and love without allay; the finest Garden of Girls I ever saw, and Wenches that take no cash. So, my good Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, farewell! and, ye most honourable Gentlemen of the Navy-board, adieu! That ideal phantom, Preferment—I give it to the carrying Gale: it is an eternal renovation of hope, with an everlasting disappointment. Here will I fix my rendezvous, and hoist the colours of Cupid, where I will only press sweet Girls. No wonder, that old palab'ring dotard, the Justice of Peace of Ithaca,* stopp'd up the ears of his attentive Sailors with wax, when he pass'd this delicious shore: the sage old fox was convinced they would leave his ragged rock, and be ready emigrants to a richer soil. He that stops my ears must stop my vitals. Farewell, ye Dryads of Deptford! and ye Nereids of Gosport! I have done making love to eye-brows, and praising of knotting. May I try experiments under water, nor rise more, if I quit this Harbour of Delight, without compulsion! I have been waited on by four of the most willing velvet Nymphs that

* Ulysses.

that ever flutter'd the Pendant of Pleasure [*a noise*] O—
what heaves in sight now?—some smitten Goddesses in pur-
suit of my person. I am the true north—the pretty tremblers
point to—ah! here she comes before the wind.

Enter DORIS, a buskin'd Nymph in Grecian habit.

Doris. Well, amiable, merry mortal—art thou yet
cloy'd with nectar, the rosy lips of Goddesses? or art thou
inclin'd once more to risk mortality to agues, gout, the
tooth-ache, and the heart-ache?

Phil. No, most courteous creature—I am content with
Deification. I will never give up this clear sky, for the
hanging-days before Christmas; nor risk the loss of a leg,
or an eye, for the reward of Greenwich. With thee, my
pretty Passion-flower, I'll clip, and twine—drink Ambro-
sia in Scotch pints, and roll on beds of roses—to eternity.

Doris. Sensible fellow! But will not some dainty
damsel sigh away hours on the pebbled beach—and com-
mission every breeze with vows to thee?

Phil. Yes, the wenches may; poor girls! I pity them:
—but, Doris, it is not my fault that I am charming—
I have not comfort for them all—Besides, their manners are
heavy and dull—I was never design'd for the company, or
converse, of mere mortals:—I hate their pees, their whim-
perings, and passions. Break me by Court-martial for a
Coward—if ever I relish'd the earthly ladies—I hate their
phlegm, their pouts, and Plebeian jealousies.

Doris. But do you know that We have jealousies, and
the Ladies of the skies make their Lords ears ring with their
injuries?

Phil. Egad, I pity some of my London friends—for
they had no other hope in crossing the Styx, but to get rid
of this pestilence. But, dear die-away Doris, I am in-
vulnerable—all the flirts of your Coterie cannot make me

grave—or fetch a sigh—or fold my arms. Come, my nimble Nymph of Negligence, and let us wander to some myrtle grove, and by the margin of some murmuring rill make mortal love, in the language of immortals. I feel myself pleasant—full of alacrity—very jocund—and fit to entertain a Goddess. Pray, little Doris, do the sky-ladies condescend to admire a good leg? [*showing his own.*]

Doris. O yes, dear Captain, and a bright eye—a strait shape—a round face—a set of white teeth—a small foot—and a lily hand [*he notices the parts as she speaks.*]

Phil. Then I'm at home—for I have the requisites to be Master of the Ceremonies to the whole Pantheon. Now, prithee, little Doris, which of my good qualities first reach'd thy tender heart? Come, come, pretty heathen, be candid—nor blush to own the courteous captivation; for thou hast an eye—which darts through the soul of man like a sun-beam through a window.

Doris. May I answer this heroic question by another?

Phil. No, no, no—no mental reservation—plain truth best becomes your ethereal Ladyship.

Doris. Why, then, if I must speak—with thy juvenile activity.

Phil. This is a damn'd sensible angel. [*Aside*]

Doris. Now, where did the bolt I shot first hit thee?

Phil. O 'tis undefineable—a universal incantation! the philter gallop'd through my veins—like a monk's poison through a rich Jew. Torture me to death with bad rhyme, if I thought you very great folks above stairs were half so fashionable. I always—

Doris. [*appears suddenly disordered*] I am all perturbation and confusion!—my senses are agitated—and swim in rapid circles round my brain.

Phil.

Phil. Immortal Madam ! this favours monstrously of one of our City fainting fits—'tis a perfect vertigo of love. I was ever a very devil about the senses of the sex.

Doris. A power superior approaches.

Phil. Let her come—Phil's her man—I have always been used to the first company.

Doris. I must withdraw—lead me to Arethusa's fountain.

Phil. Dear Doris, from the top of Olympus to Hampstead Hill, I am *bella amorosa Deltobosa*—thy slave and Chittesbey.

[Exit, leading Doris.]

SCENE, a Wood of Cypress.

Enter PARTHENOPE, and ZEPHYR. PARTHENOPE sings;
and to the Syren's call, Witches, Wizards, and Fairies come forward.

A I R.

*Ye Elves and Fairies, green and blue,
That sip the spangled morning dew,
That in the blue-bell's cup repose,
And drink the essence of the rose,
Attend my call !*

*Ye Wizards, Witches, old and bare,
That ride upon the frisking air,
Put on your kirtles, wind your spells,
Come from the bogs, heaths, woods, and dells;
Come all, come all.*

[Enter Wizards, Witches, and Fairies to the Song.—A]
leading Witch and Fairy stand forward.

TADPOLE.

Here, righteous Mistrefs, here behold
Your beldam Tadpole—true and bold.

FAIRY

THE SYRENS,

FAIRY.

Here your peering Fairy see,
Flos, your favorite gay and free,
To attend and lackey thee.

PARTHENOPE.

Your kindness I'll reward with due attention.

[To the Witch.]

Now from thy frost-chop'd fingers let me take
That potent herb, nourish'd in ice and fire
On Hecla's top, which thou didst steal of yore
For uses serious, noxious, and malign.

TADPOLE.

Here, Goddess, here receive thy Witch's charm.

PARTHENOPE.

First, frolic Fairy of the moon-shine race,
Who rides the humble-bee from flower to flower,
And guides him with the threads of gossamer,
Pleas'd with his bumbling tune, and drone sonorous;
Now bring thy dainty med'cinal gum,
Which the fierce turban'd Turk guards with proud
Janissaries,
For uses secret, powerful, and benign.

FAIRY.

Here, lovely Goddess, pride of Fairy-land,
Here, take the aromatic Gilead balm,
Which, over mountains, seas, and forests drear,
Your Fairy slave convey'd on three sweet honey-bees.

PARTHENOPE.

'Tis well—Arch Pippin—

And now retire in antic measures light,
Nor spare your revels—or your tiny jokes,
But frisk in tipsy joy, and jocund mirth. [*Exeunt dancing.*
Hence,

Hence, Zephyr, hence to Flora's fragrant bow'r,
 Where sleeping you will find a peerless pair;
 And with those dainty viands I've prepar'd
 Mix up those charms of certain, potent quality,
 A stirring philter of that powerful sort,
 As to create, so rarely known to man, a mutual love;
 Of such a doating, and adoring kind,
 That ev'ry other object will be loath'd.
 This, my last task, pray carefully perform,
 And then thy range shall be the boundless atmosphere.

ZEPHYR.

The very lightest feather of my wings,
 Shall spread, obedient to thy courteous will. [Exit.

PARTHENOPE.

Now shall this haughty, gallant Chief be mine—he
 comes!—

Enter GRENADE.

PARTHENOPE.

Art thou convinc'd by what I've shown and said?
 That she is false, all Faith and Truth cry loud;
 And Echo, to the common, kissing air,
 Hath babbled forth the tale incontinent.
 Renounce the Trifle—and with thy lightest breath
 Puff off afar the tawdry, moulted feather,
 And reign the sov'reign of this placid clime.—

CAPTAIN.

Oh Goddess! know, the natives of my isle
 Boast of one virtue undefil'd and pure,
 A virtue sacred to the Gods themselves:
 'Tis Honour, manly Honour—
 Shall I, who boast one glimpse of that bright beam,
 Give up the object of my soul's delight,

And

And in the bosom faithful to her Virtues
 Let in that jaundic'd monster Jealousy;
 Who, with his dim and yellow eyes, askance
 Sees faintly, falsely, and all truth deforms?—

PARTHENOPE.

What would'st thou more—rash unbeliever!

GRENADE.

'Tis not the trivial scene which thou hast shown,
 Will warp my love, or strain my good opinion:
 If she is false (as I believe her not)
 Let the harsh sentence issue from her lips;
 And if such language can defile and stain
 A mouth so very sweet, a tongue so pure;
 Let Nature blush to see her work so false,
 And all Creation shudder at her fall.

PARTHENOPE.

Then be it so—but while thou art invisible to them,
 Let keen Attention listen to the sound,
 And drink the poison from the Serpent's tongue.

SCENE *changes to a Bower in an Orange Grove, wherein
 CARLOS and CORNELIA are seated; ZEPHYR standing
 by them.*

PARTHENOPE.

Thanks, gentle Zephyr!
 Well hast thou now perform'd thy magic task. [*Exit Zeph.*]

CORNELIA.

And wilt thou, gentle Carlos, ever love Cornelia?

CARLOS.

Dear as the life-drops of my beating heart.

COR-

CORNELIA.

Then this is Heav'n, and thou 'rt the God of it.

[*Starting from her seat, and advancing to the front of the Stage.*]

CARLOS.

And fair Cornelia is the reigning Goddess.

CORNELIA.

Transporting thought! Elysium all is mine.

CARLOS.

Most truly thine, for thou creat'st it here.

GRENADE.

Alas! how lost and fallen!—I'm scorch'd with rage and
injury. [Aside.]

CORNELIA.

Beneath this sunny clime of classic sweets,
Wherein the pulse of Love beats high with joy,
Where lavish Nature flings her gifts around,
Here let us fix our amorous empire;
And reign the glory of this isle of Love.

CARLOS.

It shall be so; and thou my Guardian Queen.
Here Cupid's silken standard shall unfurl,
Pencil'd with lovers knots, and flourish'd bows,
Wherein the milky turtle-doves shall bill,
And one gold dart transfix two constant hearts.

A I R. CARLOS.

*Pleasures court us to this island,
Faithless seas may tempt in vain,
Bows and knots of love shall bind me,
Fair Cornelia's faithful swain.*

CORNELIA.

*O transporting, sweet idea!
Courteous Cupid, God of Love,
Realize imagination,
And thy Vot'ries pray'rs approve.*

E

[Exeunt.
PARTH.]

PARTHENOPE.

Well, mortal ! is all my information false ?

GRENADE.

“ O fortify thy crystal empire, Reason,
 “ Left Madneſs, like a whirlwind, enter there,
 “ And burſt the brittle globe of human ſenſe. ”

PARTHENOPE.

No more, no more, but from thy ductile mind
 Her faded picture throw.

GRENADE.

Ye Gods ! ſhe was the fabric of your hands,
 The faireſt Temple of the Virtues worſhip.
 Whilom we were the praiſe of hill and dale ;
 So fond a pair ne’er clipp’d in Hymen’s bands ;
 The young, the old, were lavish on the theme,
 And ever painted us the happy twain.
 Ye Nightingales, who’ve liſted to our loves,
 And with reſponſes ſweet replied again,
 O fly your ſylvan haunts, for fear the tale
 May bring to mind your Philomela’s woe,
 And quite untune your melody of ſong.
 For years I nurs’d her in this faithful breaſt,
 And lov’d her to ſuch fond diſtraction too,
 That I grew jealous of the buſy breeze
 Which breath’d his kiſſes on her vermeil cheek.

A I R. GRENADE.

*She was fair as the Queen of the Skies,
 And chaste as Diana believ’d :
 I thought myself bleſs’d with the prize ;
 Ah ! well a day ! I was deceiv’d.*

*She was pure as the Goddess of Health,
 She was Nature's surpassing design;
 I call'd her my treasure of wealth,
 Ye Gods, when her heart was not mine!*

PARTHENOPE.

Let not misfortune canker up thy mind,
 Nor make invention curious for ill thought;
 But wing with me to mirth and wanton smiles.

GRENADA.

There are no smiles for me.—

“ Night, ebon Goddess, chase the glaring Sun,
 “ And throw thy sooty scarf o'er all the world,
 “ That darkness may envelop the foul deed,
 “ Nor Nature shudder for her darling child.

Oh, let me tear his sturdy ingrate limbs,
 And give them to the vultures of the air!
 But for the fair Cornelia—bless her!

[*Exeunt.*

Enter GALE, drunk.

Gale. This is the little *tu quoque* of Delights—Why have I been beating the Sea to peas porridge for thirty years, when I might have hung up my hammock here, with a Madam, as gay as a Privateer? This weathers all your *Tenians* and *Bolobolas** to the Devil.—I have a Seraglio here, as white as the inside of an Oyster shell—I'll never debase my Dignity with any Charcoal Gentlewoman again. Now, if I can marry the Queen of this Land, the Gales will be the first Family in the world; and the two and thirty Winds shall be commission'd to bear abroad my Name and Fame. Here will I hoist the standard of Liberty; for
 all

* Two Islands in the South Sea, one discovered by Lord Anson, and the other by Bougainville.

all creatures shall feel the blessing of Freedom in my Dominions.

Enter TRAVERSE, FORECASTLE, and SNIVEL.

Forc. You, George Gale, come my Kiddy, fill and stand on—there is the old ship, boy, rigg'd again a tanto—topmasts up, colours flying, and tilting on the wave, light as a cork buoy.

Gale. Let her tilt, let her ride,—little Gale is not so soon taken in—Did not I see her bilge? Did I not see her part stem and stern?

Snivel. True, thou intoxicated finner! but she is restored to perfection.

Gale. Canst thou splice a broken biscuit?

Snivel. Purity and Truth will do every thing.

Gale. No, they won't, they will never move me from this Isle—If they do, may Spitzbergen be my Winter quarters, whale my diet, train oil my liquor, and tar and feathers my jacket. I'll never heave my anchor a cock-bill again. Dam'me, little George wont swing like a monkey in a hammock any longer. Frank, boy, thou may'st take my chest and bedding, and my pewter buckles—Red Moll at Plymouth, grappled my silver ones.—Tom, thou may'st have my tobacco-box—and Snivel, he may have as much of my psalm-book, as the mice and the cock roaches have left.—As for my Will and Power, that's of no dash; the nimble-finger'd Clerks of the Pay-Office will take care of my wages, with a long R— [*marks it on the Stage with his stick.*]

Enter GRENADE and the DRUID SPIRIT.

GRENADE.

Most reverend Spirit, is not this all delusion?

DRUID.

No, gallant Chief, it is the solemn truth.
The Syren Sorcerers of this Fairy shore

Is to the Mariner more fell than Waves,
 Or billows, rocks, or winds, or quick-sands dire.
 Know then, she practis'd on thy lovely Wife
 Her philter'd arts—but I've dissolv'd her spells,
 And here behold the beauteous weeping Saint.

Enter CORNELIA hastily, and CARLOS.

CORNELIA.

O, my lov'd Friend, long lost, and torn away,
 Come to my faithful arms, and rivet here !

GRENADE.

My Love ! my Life ! my dear restor'd Cornelia !
 Thrice happy they, who hail the golden morn,
 After a night of agonizing dreams.

CORNELIA.

Sage, honour'd Father, all my Pray'rs shall rise
 In cordial truth and gratitude to thee. [*to the DRUID.*]

DRUID.

Virtues and charms like thine, excelling Dame,
 Will meet the hand of Heav'n, in adverse hour ;
 But still my task's not done.
 Now will I hence upon the turgid Main,
 Smooth all its waves, and invoke the Gods
 To prosper every future voyage of your Life,
 And wing your vessel to its destin'd port. [*Exit.*]

A I R. CORNELIA.

*Thrice hapless Fate, when torn away
 From him we love, for whom we sue ;
 To cares, to sighs, to tears, a prey,
 And yet to Love, to Virtue true :*

But

THE SYRENS.

*But when repos'd on Friendship's breast,
The beating heart is lull'd to rest.*

*Thus when the Bird forsakes her nest,
Her Mate, he guards the brittle store :
What griefs the while invade his breast,
For fear she may return no more !
But when restor'd, he spreads his wings,
And jocund on the tree-top sings.*

GRENADE.

Most gen'rous Youth, and oh ! my faithful Friend,
Here shall our little griefs lose all their pains ;
These drops of sours, mix'd in a sea of sweets,
Cannot imbitter more our future days.

Gale (advancing.)

My Noble Captain, I wish as how your Honour would
be about to give me my discharge, for if I quit this harbour
of Nofegays, I shall turn life a-lee for ever—Man and boy,
I have been to Sea thirty years, my noble Commander ;
and 'tis the only time I ever found a kind landlady, that
gave Grog at the mast, without any reckoning to pay.

Cornel. Honest Gale, be content with thy Captain's
fortune, which I will engage shall be a certain means to
improve thine.

GRENADE.

Come, my good Friends, and Brother Sailors all,
Our white-cliff'd Isle, that's girdled by the main,
Surpasses far the frippery of this shore,
For manly Honour, female Virtue sam'd,
With which the world rings loud from West to East.

Enter PENDANT, and Sailors.

Forec. Clear the gang-way—Make a lane for the Lieu-
tenant, I say.

Pend.

A M A S Q U E.

31

Pend. Captain Grenade, and my most courteous Lady Cornelia, welcome as planks to sinking mariners. I wish the old Gentleman, with his legerdemain tricks, had taken lodgings in a whale's belly, 'till he had been thrown up at Whitehall stairs, for the mob to gaze at, before he had interrupted me in the most rapturous reverie of my life.

Forc. Why, master Phil, did you intend to bilk Madam Arabella, at Portsmouth, with a fore-top-sail?

Pend. No, I admire her monstrously—but it is my marine maxim to always leave my love in the port where I leave my lady.—Therefore, my barge of beauty, my dearest Doris, and these salubrious climes, adieu.—My pleasures, though ever so pleasing, shall ever yield to Virtue, and the service of my Country. Carlos, you were on the turnpike road to Paradise, had not the barbed Conjuror put a Pantomine cheat upon you.

Car. I never wish, Phil, to purchase Happiness at the expence of female Honour.

A I R.

CORNELIA.

*List, ye jovial Tars, to Reason,
List to Honour, list to Arms ;
Ye have Souls unknown to Treason,
Ye're but wreck'd by Syren's charms.*

CARLOS.

*Beauteous Maidens will reward ye,
Fire your Souls to noble feats ;
Honour's shield will ever guard ye,
And from Rocks protect your Fleets.*

TRA-

THE SYRENS.

TRaverse,
*Beauteous Girls may woo and warble,
 I to them will ever beel;
 We are flesh and blood, not marble,
 Sailors will for Beauty feel.*

GRENADIER,
*Gallant Sailors, list to Glory,
 Turn upon the Syren's charms;
 Then ye will be fam'd in story,
 And command the World in Arms.*
 [advancing.]

*Free'd from Spells and Incantations,
 Storms, nor Foes, my Sailors fear;
 They but wait your approbations,
 You're the stars by which we steer.*

CHORUS.

*Freed from Spells and Incantations,
 Storms, nor Foes, my Sailors fear;
 They but wait your approbations,
 You're the stars by which we steer.*

THE END.



Co
the
tak
up
had
life
A
m
le
Do
the
ter
p
l
C
cu